MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1900.

ost-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.



MARK-We have fought a good fight. corge, now let's retire from the Presilential fight for breakfast.

POLITICS AND THE MAN.

Politics: The science or practice of government; the regulation or government of a nation or state. for the preservation of its safety, peace and pros-

Politician: One who is versed in the science of government and the art of governing. In a bad sense, from patriotism or public spirit, but for his own is much more to be freaded. For there are thorns profit or that of his friends or of a cilque or party.

HE definitions given above are reprinted young man who says he does not care for be a graver error. politics and sees no reason why he should; that he would rather fish than vote; that the whole business is run by a few men with through a firtation. whom it is no credit to be associated. And much

If he were in a class by his lonesome self we But it is unfortunately true that he is one of a partern partern processes the process great many young men, and that there are oldermen who are fust as bad. This is one reason why "the whole business" of politics continues ordi-

ably as a rule. When there is work for all the shareholders in a great concern, those who shirk their duties have no surprise coming if shrewder hands cause a diversion of profits.

narily to be run by a few and to be run discredit-

Political bosses as they exist are generally corrupt and always selfish. But what of the selfishness of derelict citizens who leave the manipuers to work their unrestrained will because it is too much trouble to interfere?

There has been politics ever since the first competition between head tribesmen. Politics has made the history of the world. It has made and unmade nations. And always it has been the kind of politics insisted on by the people which produced the big results. A devotion to fishing in place of business, either by rulers or the ruled. has inevitably invited disaster.

When Rome took to fun instead of empire moulding she took also to a fall. If our Revolutionist ancestors had dodged trouble and let the royalist bosses have their way we should be spared the vexations of President-making to-day. . . .

Take notice that when you encourage, by letting swamped another soul them alone, the men who are politicians "in a bad sense" you are shamefully neglecting politics in a good sense, which is "the regulation of a state for the preservation of its safety, peace and proseltes to free and blessed citizenship does not make woman. Its true name is it worth your while to take a deep and abiding luterest in good politics, what, in Heaven's name, would be a sufficient inducement?

A man who refuses to be interested in healthfu! ism, Hannaism, Quayism and all like isms, he within her power. stands sulkily aside and by that act plays as directly into the hands of the grim machine managers as they could ever desire. They don't want him in politics. He is against them. It pleases him to be disgusted and keep his hands off? Very well. The gods are good and the boss reigns. Mighty be the name of the boss.

If you insist on staying out of politics and on fishing instead of voting, don't be out with a kick the next time the city street-sweepers have a relapse into dreamy inactivity. They will be attending to their business just as faithfully as you to your citizenship.

In order to enjoy swallowing the G. O. P. platform whole it will be essential to acquire a considerable teste for the planked shadow of the Trust.

Philadelphia in her convention clothes begins to feel that possibly she, too, was born free and equal.

Col. Rooseveit would be pleased to see any of his Vice-Presidential boomers at San Juan or further.

man with the hoe is less conspicuous at Philda than the man with the hatchet and barrel.

ought to say is troubling Boss Croker. M. Is not the kind of a Bliss who de

ch what the wild waves are saying as

FLIRTING WIVES THESE FLASHES

By Laura Jean Libbey.

Q AYS "Bachelor" in a long letter, from which

take short extracts: ' Dear Madam-I read with much interest you ver article upon 'Pirting Husbands,' and admit t was extremely good. I should like to ask yo a give a few of your good, common sense views upo Filrting Wives,' remarking thy way of giving to thought): 'Who is it who monopolize th marriageable men in a ballroom? The young an it married women.

Who filet to their hearts' content at the seashore, while the money-makers of the home suffer all kindif inconveniences for them in the broiling hot city The young and beautiful married women."

I regret deeply that this bachelor should base his opinion of all women upon the frivolous few he may have met or heard of unfavorably

Believe me, the wife is an exception to whom the beautiful marriage yow is not sacred.

The unmarried girl who flirts is a bane to sodel; and to all with whom she is brought into contact The married woman who lends herself to a flirtation



THE WIFE FLIRTS WHILE HUBBY WORKS. who concerns himself with public affairs not account account account and account account account and account a long and deep hidden in the smile her rosebud lips

I can conceive of no greater treachery than for a wife who has a good, loyal, trusting husband to de from the Century Dictionary. They appear scend to the unboly depths of engaging in a flirtation at the head of this column because of a They tell you it is harmless; but there never could

Flirtation is the first step in the flowery path which leads to a precipice. The cruelest tragedles that the world has ever known and wept over have begun

Sin is rarely committed between two people the first more which is true to a degree and foolish to an which leads to it, by slow, almost imperceptible steps time they are brought into contact. It is firtation i subtle flattery whispered into willing cars, the linger-We do not like to tell this young man how use- log, friendly chap of the hand, the looking forward to lers he is to the higher purposes of the Republic. another meeting, the graiual supplanting of casual remarks for those with deeper, tender meaning, and at last the cutting loose from the rock of wifely shouldn't tell him that, nor bother with him at all. prudence to which the wifely bark was anchored.



......

and to the whichool rapids of the world have

life wrough and one more lesson is pointed out of the frailty of the woman who filrts, and a moral is

Too much cannot be said of the folly of flirting: perity." If the retention of those three prerequis which becomes more than mere folly in a married

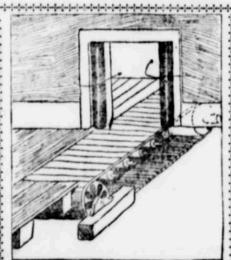
> "A creature of such hideous mien, That to be hated needs but to be seen

But, seen too oft, familiar with its face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace

Let the woman who is lending herself to the pittful snare which will soon spring and pinion her fast and pens to be. We should say, speaking in the plural, politics is neither a healthful nor helpful Ameri- wound her past all curing, pause and beat a hasty can. Expressing abhorrence of Crokerism, Platt- retreat toward the path of honor while it is yet

It is dangerous to play with two-edged swords, my LAURA JEAN LIBERY.

A SELF-EMPTYING DOOR



A ROLLING FLOOR AT DOORWAYS. A moving floor has been invented to avert fatal crowding of doorways at theatres, ballrooms, &c., in case of panie. This floor works on rollers, with a motive power, and is placed in doorways. When a panio occurs and a rush is made for the exite the machinery is set in motion, and persons near the door are quickly and forcibly carried out of the reem.

OF FUN TO LAUGHTER RUN. A OVE: STORY.

"Oh, David; Mr. Jones is a somnambultst, and last ight he got up in his sleep and milked his cow." "Gracious, is that so? I wish he would stray over

NOT AT ASBURY PARK.



Pa-I understood you were going to the fancy dress ill this evening, but I haven't seen your costume yet Phyllis-Oh, yes you have, pa. dear! I've got it on!

BREAKING IT GENTLY



"Mummy, is that indelible ink that daddy's got in

A REAL SCARECROW.



Bold Sportsman (to village scarecrow)-Well, Bo hot any crows to-day?

Bob-No. guv'nor; ain't seen any. Bold Sportsman-How's that?

Bob-Well, guy'nor, I reckon you must 'av' fright ------

ARTFUL MAN.

If men can't love-well, this I state With no intimidation-They have the knack of getting up A first-class imitation



Boarder (at the plane, in a loud whisper)-Little cat! me! Great Scot! I should a' thought it had been as big as an old war tiger, the way my grub goes!

Next thing to being President (I tell this, though I The Actress Who A man finds joy in thinking that he might have been



HE WAS NOT HUNGRY



South Sea Islander-Oh! stay an' hab pot luck wif

Missionary-I'm sorry, but I've got a very important

NOTHING LIKE A RESTFUL DAY IN THE COUNTRY. Whiter and whiter grew Una. With a fain tottlered and fell toward the blazing lights.

M ONROE was overworked. He said twitter of birds.
So were Harris and Miller and in my went.



"HE MET THREE OTHER MEN." ney's Isle, or the alluring roof-gardened

ioned day at some quiet farmhouse where there was a lake or something just as wet nearby, from which they old extract fish.

It would be sweet to dream under the trees, fish in some cool, shady nook, eat berries and fresh cream and brolled farm-built chicken, and sleep at night between homespun sheets of showy

The lake was nearby-painfully near

Four hours alternate rowing and fishng bore the following glad results: Eighteen blood-blisters. Four badly burned noses. Four damaged suits and utterly



RESTING

rained tempers as a result of a passing rainstorm. linen, to be awakened by the matuifnal | One depressed-looking minnow.

But all four men were heartily tired the four there were two single beds, dashed saide everything in his way, and leaping upon ONROE was overworked. He said twitter of birds.

That would be a real rest.

No were Harris and Miller and Drew. They held a convention and decided on a day of solid rest. Not a day of solid rest. The following lucious meal was solid rest. The following lucious meal was solid rest. The solid rest. The solid rest. The solid rest is the fine four lines are two solid rest. The solid rest is the fine four lines are twell

WHEN THE STORM BROKE.

Fried pork a la Old Homestead.

Lukewarm tea, served in Stone

Dried apples a la Pompton, N. J.

The four fishermen were too hungry

They sought their rooms early. For erator? Dry bread will do."

waxen) a la Morgae.

wall cups.

Toothpick .

Boiled potatoes (chilly and

of two sunfish, a builhead and a min- ing the only arm the poor man had. now to his waiting wife.

"See what I got!" he shouted. "I tell Easily as one could shake off the greep of a babe, you there's nothing like a day of solid did this strange being shake off the greep of the

"Touch me not!" he exclaimed, flercely, "I took the money-stole it, if you will, and I will go with

the stage!" He kneeled by the side of the unconscious Una, and in the most imploring accents entreated her to look upon him "just once more."

His prayer was answered.

tion played about her lips. With a cry of joy the strange man rose to his feet. There, sir constable, I am ready. Do with me as

'Follow them and release that man at any cost.' I hastened to do her bidding. A purse of gold opened the officer's heart and hand, and the man was free.

That was the last of the strange one-armed man. and no word of him ever passed Una's lips, save when

she thanked me for procuring his release.

spent a Summer month. Fumbiling among the rubis there anything to eat in the refrigbish that 3lied the old farm-house attic I found a pile of village papers, printed years ago, and now my

search is over. "On the 18th instant, by Rev. John H-, Bert Howard to Miss Una Defoe, all of S-

arrested the bridegroom on a charge of murder. He escaped during the night, and is still at large. The beautiful bride is prostrated by the blow; but every attention is paid to her by our townspeople, and hopes are entertained for her recovery."

were now answered. Poor, faithful Bert Howard.

HE WOULDSCORN THE ACTION



Stout Party-Eh? Did I pay to come in? Er corse I did! What do yer think? Think I crep' through the

Death and the Sexes

THE MAN VS. THE AUTO. SHE WROTE "RED POTTAGE."

CORRESPONDENT wishes to know whether the man or the automobile has the right of way. This opens up a rather large question for small folks to handle, one of which the writer hapthat the man has the right of way over (or more frequently under) the automobile on two grounds besides the one on which he stands, walks or runs. Mirst, the man was here first. He had gone several times around the earth before the automobile

The individual should not feel called upon to get out of the way of an auto unless he happens to be fonder of life than of asserting his liberty. The Boxers of China are against the railroads and telegraph. They are in favor of no wheels except those in their heads. God's horses have feet and live. Men's horses have wheels and devour coal instead of hay. Hence the Boxers do not like the new and artificial, as against the old and natural. In

started. Secondly, the man is greater than the auto-

mobile and not obliged to pay it deferential respect.

this respect I am a Boxer, though I neither have wings nor do I spit fire. Were we our correspondent we would step to one side and let the auto pass and simply file a protest by shaking the fist at the mantrulator thereof. This plan, while it is a little humiltating, still is a little the safer. LEE FAIRCHILD.

THE SEA CUCUMBER

-HE sea cucumber, one of the curious jelly bodies that inhabit the ocean, can practically efface itself when in danger by squeezing the water out of its body and forcing itself into a crack o narrow as not to be visible to the naked eye.

TO-DAY. RATEFULLY enjoy the to-day

If the sun vouchsafes his ray;
If the darkling tempest lower,
Meskly bend beneath the shower; But oh! leave to-morrow's fare To thy heavenly Father's care!



MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY. ŏ**000000000000000000000000000000**ŏ

Mary Cholmondeley, who sprang into fame last year as author of "Red Pottage," is the daughter of an gars who crowd around his carriage English clergyman. As a child her favorite authors were Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and George Ellot. She published her first book at nineteen, and wrote The Danvers Jewels" at twenty-six. Since the ap-curance of "Red Pettage" Miss Cholmondeley is resubsimed by letters from two continents and by

BIRTHDAY LUCK.

SEE WHAT I'VE BROUGHT YOU

Tuesday, June 19.

F to-morrow is the anniversary of your birth this is the luck the year has in store for you. The year and hour of your birth make no difference:

It is an excellent day. Hustle all affairs, travel, remove, ask favors, seek superiors and employment. Start new things and finish up old ones.

You are favored this coming year, and with attention it will be a prosperous one. Do not change or journey, and look to all additions noting well all things connected therewith. huch activity is shown.-Copyrighted by Sphinx Magazine, Boston

LONGEVITY OF FISH.

HERE are some gold-fish in Washington which have belonged to the same family for the last fifty years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious to-day than they did when they first came into the owner's possession. A few of the fish in the Imperial Aquartum at St. Petersburg are known to se 150 years old, and the age of the sacred fish in some of the ponds attached to the Buddhist temples in China is to be counted by centuries, if we are to beleve the priests.

Cheap Charity for a King. The young King of Spain always insists on having

his packets filled with coppers before going for drive, and scatters the coins among the many beg-

Sunflowers and Malaria

in India extensive experiments are being made with the sunflower, which is considered by some medical

"I have no money, but I must see Una. Will you ive me a ticket? I have walked 200 miles to see her, nd I must. He waited for my answer, but I could only disap "I cannot blame you," said he, sorrowfully; "but I

FIERCELY

must see Una. Will you be so kind as to wait one alf hour? All breathless with haste, his hat gone and the empty sleeve torn away, he threw a half-eagle upo

Wondering what this strange man could know or want of the peerless Una Howard, I closed the office

When I entered. Una had just come upon the stage, and the applause that greeted her was still echoing through the hall.

change that came over her face. Her gaze was riv-eted upon some object directly in front. There stood the one-armed man, his burning, devouring eyes look-

Whiter and whiter grew Una. With a faint cry she

About midnight Monroe returned "Silence!" said a rough-looking man, who had just ome. He jubilantly held up a string come upon the scene, at the same time firmly grasp-

you soon; but not now. Stand off, or I'll fling you :

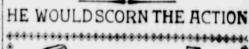
The beautiful eyes opened, and a smile of recogni-

you like. I stole the money that I might see her, and now I care not what comes next. Come, str. I am harmless now."

est in the country to brace a man! I feel like a fighting cock. By the way,

"While the people were leaving the church an officer

I read no further. I knew enough. My questions





FOR GALLOPING LUNCHERS. FOR two weeks we had been playing to crowded houses. The fame of Una Howard, our star, had preceded us to the Pacific coast.

rowd attracted my attention. A tail, strange-looking

the play, but I must see Miss Una Howard.



"TOUCH ME NOT!" HE EXCLAIMED.

the board, and snatching a ticket was off before I could pass him the change.

and entered the theatre.

res and sheets whose plant dead past tically kissing her pale lips. "Look upon me, Una! The next day was a repetition of the Once more—only once more, and then I am gone for-

Una had now recovered, and as the officer and the prisoner passed off the stage, she whispered to me:

"Tell Una I thank her." said he: "and give her my best wishes for her happiness and my farewell

Who was he? Whence did he come? Where did he go? What was he to Una Howard? In a quiet little village in old New Hampreire I



Was Not Active.

I was about to close the office when a voice from the

man was making his way toward me. As he pushed his way through the crowd, I noticed that one sleeve hung empty at his side. "I beg a favor of you," said he. "I want to enter the theatre for just a moment. I care nothing for